

## **Breaking down the Glass Walls by Lil\_Lizard\_Leah**

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**Summary:**

Stan and Bill are due for a vacation; somewhere they can forget about the stress of their every day life, and where Bill can absolutely destroy Stan's body with no reservations. But as can be said for most things, everything is better with friends, right?

## Breaking down the Glass Walls

It was the end of autumn and the Losers had been en route to their shared cabin all day. It was a few hours drive outside their hometown, so they'd taken two cars as to not drive themselves crazy by packing together like sardines.

They'd arrived half an hour ago, and had coupled up to head off and claim their rooms. Stan and Bill had chosen the room on the top floor; a cozy attic conversion with an abundance of bedding and not much else. The ceilings were slanted into a triangle, shaping the roof outside, and at the back of the room was a large window that led out to a small balcony, merely large enough for one individual to stand on.

It was quaint, exactly the kind of atmosphere Bill and Stan were looking for on their mini vacation. Of course, their excitement was only amplified by the fact that their best friends were sharing the weekend with them.

When they'd proposed the idea, they weren't sure how the others would react. Bill had explained their plans for the trip, and had left the offer open for the losers to tag along, but they'd never done anything like this before so there was hesitancy on how everyone would respond.

Luckily, their friends had grown to be very sex-positive (and comparably kinky) individuals, so they were eager to join in on Bill and Stan's little exhibitionist tryst.

But regardless of everyone's eager response, Stan still felt his gut clench at the idea of an entire weekend at the mercy of Bill, while their friends were free to watch on as they liked. It was new, and it nudged at a place of vulnerability that Stan hadn't felt in a long time, but it also created an unfathomable amount of arousal to pump through his system. It made him dizzy every time he thought about it for too long, thought about all of the things Bill could do to him, and how Stan would be on full display the entire time.

As Stan was lost in thought, Bill began unpacking some of their things. He bypassed their clothing and toiletries, navigating instead towards some of the more *fun* items he'd brought along.

He pulled out a bottle of lube, along with a silk pink ribbon and one of the glass dildos from their collection. Stan was already shivering at the sight.

“We’re starting right away?” Stan asked timidly, uncrossing and then recrossing his legs in a nervous gesture.

“Only if you’re ready.” Bill answered, his voice soft and gentle, insistent on not making Stan feel pressured one way or another.

Stan nodded at him, and as a second gesture of consent, began shedding his clothes.

“You know we can stop at any point.” Bill ensured. “If it becomes too much for you-”

“I know.” Stan cut him off, smiling reassuringly. “The safeword is blue jay.”

Bill crossed the room swiftly, closing the distance between them with a fiery kiss that knocked Stan back into the mattress. They laughed into each other’s mouths, continuing the kiss with a little less passionate but the same amount of love. *Now*, Stan felt ready.

“Alright... do your worst, Denbrough.” Stan challenged cockily.

“Oh ho ho, you’re gonna regret saying that, Stanny.”

In a flash, Bill wrapped his arms around Stan’s thin frame and flipped him on his belly, exposing his bare ass to the firm slap that Bill delivered. Stan’s face split into a grin, his body reacting to the action as if it had been trained to. He lifted his hips up off the bed and swiveled his ass in the air. The action revealed the bejeweled butt plug that was nested deep inside him, keeping him at the ready for whenever Bill wanted to take him. Stan lifted his hips even higher, silently begging for another slap, but it never came.

Instead, Bill shifted his weight and reached for Stan's extended arms, easily bringing them together at the wrists and beginning to wrap them with the ribbon. It was a soft, soothing sensation, a juxtaposition to the excitement thrumming through his veins. Once he was securely tied up, and Bill had tested the security of his bondage, his body heat disappeared from the bed for a moment.

The dip in the bed alerting Stan to Bill's return was accompanied by the cold press of glass against the bottom of his spine. It lit up his insides like fire.

Bill had picked up the glass dildo and was slowly teasing it up the bumps of Stan's spine, spreading shivers across his shoulder blades and shooting down his arms into his fingertips.

"Bill... Don't tease." Stan pleaded, knowing it was to no avail. Bill was going to do what he was going to do, and Stan's whining wouldn't change it.

"Oh, eager, are we Birdie?" Bill teased, dragging the glass object back down towards where Stan wanted it most.

Stan muffled an impatient sound into the bedding, letting his body relax into it as he surrendered to Bill's ministrations.

It took another few tormenting minutes for Bill to be done with his torture, and to finally grab the lube that he'd set on the bedside table. He set the dildo next to Stan's face purposefully, giving Stan the time to observe the size of the object that was about to be inserted into him. His hole fluttered in response, winking up at Bill's watchful gaze. When Bill caught sight of it, his hands started moving double time.

Stan felt the stretch of muscle as Bill removed the butt plug, followed immediately by the distinct chill of lube against his hole. It dripped down his perineum, getting dangerously close to tainting their sheets, before Bill swooped in with a single finger and scooped it all up and *into* his loose hole. He was already stretched open, having been worked apart this morning and then plugged up on their ride down,

but the intrusion still made him jump.

Stan spread his legs instinctively, giving Bill more room to kneel on the bed behind him and venture farther into him. Stan's dick strained against the mattress beneath him, trapped in a constant push and pull of friction as Bill's fingers worked in and out and in and out and in and out.

Bill kept his rhythm throughout his addition of fingers, until eventually he was able to fit four digits into Stan's body with ease; just big enough to fit the dildo he'd chosen.

The object in question was beautiful. It was made of clear glass with accents of blue swirled within it. At the top was a slight flare to imitate the appearance (and feel) of the head of a cock, and there was a smooth curve to the entire thing. Bill had gotten it custom made for their one year anniversary from a college friend of his who was taking a glass blowing course. Apparently, the whole ordeal had nearly gotten her kicked out of the class for using the studio for 'personal use', so Bill and Stan really cherished the toy.

Bill retrieved the dildo from next to Stan, pulling his gaze along with it as he prepped it with a generous coating of lube.

The first push of the dildo against Stan's ring of nerves had him already quivering, aching for more. It slid in relatively easily, the sleek glass making for a gentle slide.

Stan let out a long, low moan as the toy bottomed out inside him, its flared head nestling right up against his prostate. He felt impossibly full, the density of the object only adding to the sensation.

Bill left the toy burrowed deep inside Stan as he moved up his partner's body, trailing slow kisses up his back before settling at his ear.

"You look so beautiful like th-th-this." Bill whispered, his stutter coming back as arousal clouded his mind. Stan loved Bill's stutter, loved the moments when it slipped back out and reminded him of the

old days.

Bill was blanketed over Stan's form, his pelvis level with Stan's ass. If Bill were nude, it would be the perfect position for Bill to take Stan apart completely, but this wasn't about that. Right now, the focus was on Stan, and Bill's control over him.

And Bill *knew* the control he had. He rested his hips up against Stan's lower back and bucked up experimentally, pushing the dildo farther into Stan with his movement.

Stan gasped, squeezing his eyes shut as his jaw tightened with the effort not to cum on the spot. Bill repeated his action, apparently happy with the response it had gotten the first time. Stan forced himself to relax, focus on his breathing and come back from the edge, but every cant of Bill's hips drew another strangled moan out of his throat.

Eventually they fell into a steady rhythm; Bill humping into Stan and kissing down his neck while Stan mewled wantonly below him.

Stan could feel the pressure building at the base of his spine, that tingle that indicated he wouldn't be able to hold out for much longer.

*“Hnngg- Bill- Bill I’m getting close-”* Stan tried to stutter out, gasping when Bill hit his prostate straight on.

*“I love being the one to make *you* stutter.”* Bill purred, his voice floating through the haze in Stan's mind.

“Damn that’s smooth.” A familiar voice carried from the other side of their door, followed by the sound of a slap, an angry whisper, and then a clutter as the door flung wide open and in fell two wide eyed Losers.

Stan tried to hold back his orgasm, he really did, but it had already started by the time Richie and Beverly were staring straight at him, and he couldn't stop the waves as they crested.

“Ahhhh- *fuck.* ” Stan whispered into the dead silence of the room,

grasping the sheets in an iron grip and letting his head fall so he didn't have to watch the look on his friends' faces as he came. His shoulders tensed up, mapping out the muscles in his back in a ripple effect that had Bill chuckling darkly from above him.

His release left as quickly as it had come, but it was one of the strongest he'd ever felt, leaving Stan too dizzy to look up quite yet. Instead, he stayed stalk still, focusing on evening out his breathing.

He felt Bill shift off of him and his fingers twitched in an effort to reach for his partner, but again, his body hadn't quite caught up with him yet. Luckily, Bill knew him like he knew the back of his hand, and said hand instinctively began rubbing small circles into Stan's back. He sighed contentedly, almost instantly forgetting that two of his friends were still in the room.

But of course Richie wouldn't stand to be forgotten.

"Shit Staniel, I've never seen you make *that* face before!"

"Richie! Shut *up*!" Beverly hushed warningly.

Bill just chuckled, a deep noise that shook the bed a little and warmed Stan from the inside out.

"It's alright, there's no secrets here. Right Stanny?"

Bill had moved from Stan's back to his head, massaging his fingers into Stan's messy curls.

"Mmmmm." Stan hummed, hoping it was response enough.

Luckily, no one prodded for more.

"Well, we originally came up here to tell you two that dinner is ready, but then trashmouth was overpowered by his dick."

"I was not! I was just curious!" Richie defended, his face lighting up bright pink.

"Yeah yeah, come on dumbass." Beverly grabbed Richie by the collar of his shirt and pulled him up along with her then back out the door,

shutting it behind them.

Stan waited a few beats before peeking out between his curtain of curls, surveying the room to see it empty. He finally allowed himself to flop over on to his back, cringing at the mess that was now smeared across his stomach and their sheets. He looked up to Bill, who was eyeing him with a playful smirk.

In tandem they both peeled into laughter, Stan teetering off a little abruptly when he felt the toy shifting around inside him. With a stark reminder of the position he was still in, Stan awkwardly brought his bound hands down between his legs and pulled the toy from himself. He laid it beside him, long having given up on keeping their bedding clean.

"So how was your first venture into exhibitionism?" Bill teased, reaching over to untie Stan's wrists.

"Interesting, to say the least." Stan smiled back. As soon as he was free, he threw his arms around Bill's shoulders and pulled him down on top of himself, using the close quarters to lock their lips together.

Despite them both smiling too much to properly kiss, they still did their best, parting only when Bill noticed that his flannel had fallen victim to their mess.

"I'd say a shower is warranted before we go down for dinner." Stan commented, and then adding as a last thought. "And maybe a round of laundry too."

Bill stared down in absolute admiration of the boy he'd gotten to fall in love with.

"I'll follow your lead. We both know I'm only in charge in the bedroom." He joked, earning a light slap to the arm and more laughter.

They spent the rest of the evening cleaning themselves and their

room up. Once they finally made it down for dinner, their spaghetti was cold and sitting abandoned at the dinner table. They could hear the rest of their friends chattering in the living room down the hall, and Bill and Stan both felt completely at peace as they sat down and began eating, their free hands clasped together atop the table.

**Author's Note:**

This was a prompt fill for the lovely anon who left me this in my inbox on tumblr:

"I read The Key To Pleasure and fucking loved it dude. Could you do some stenbrough with top Bill and bottom Stan? Maybe using toys or something along those lines, maybe in front of the losers or where they can hear.. I'm giving you creative control lmao. I love your writing!"

I hope it turned out the way you hoped! Thanks for supporting me. <3